# MARFORIO AND OTHER POEMS

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# MARFORIO

## AND OTHER POEMS

# MARFORIO

AND

## OTHER POEMS

BY

HAMILTON ADRIAN PIFFARD

LONDON:
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET,
1900

PR
5178
P615m

IN MEMORY

OF

MY WIFE

BLANCHE ROSAMOND PIFFARD

WHO DIED AT COONOOR,

SOUTHERN INDIA

31ST MAY, 1898.

917888

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## MARFORIO

Good neighbour, sit you at your wares,
The sunshine in this quiet street
Seems like the beggar that you meet
Stretched swart upon the stone-paved stairs,
Who, leaping up, must here and there
Follow with hot insistent smiles.
News have I aught? Well, none I care
To set afoot upon the tiles;
But we are friends, and I will pass
What news I have, across a glass
Of good chianti, while the scent
Of those rich clusters in your court,
Shall make our city air seem fraught
With subtle hints of hours spent

In glad green haunts of elf and fay,
On quiet hill-sides far away.
A noble vase this! Did you say
Cellini worked the bacchic rout
That winds its curious base about?
This ivory cup, perchance, has lulled
The amorous sense of some dark queen
With juices of a drowsy grape,
And, thrust aside, has touched her shape,
Sweet as a lotus newly culled,
And known its beauties, dimly seen
Through pendulous silks and muslins fine,
Fervent, and full, and serpentine.
But come, such fancies will not warm
The jaded blood, or keep away
Shrewd notions of prospective clay,
Or straighten up a twisted form.
A woman's love, you hold with me,
Most men may buy, and many sell:
I think a woman's kiss will be
Man's greeting at the gates of Hell.

But we are those who do not raise
The coffin-lid that hides the dust,
Dear with the hopes of happier days;
We hold ourselves aloof, nor trust
The specious promise of the ways,
Where love, a bandit, bravely thrives
On broken hearts and plundered lives.

Now, to my news. Well, you must know
The man folk call Marforio;
A splendid bronze of bull-like strength,
Chested as Cacus may have been,
And one, like Cacus, born to glean
Rude riches through a country's length.
Stubborn of mood, and slow to greet
The proffered friendship of a jest,
His sudden hand was seldom pressed
At fairs, or in the noisy street.
Yet this same man, for whom, it seemed,
No sunrise shook its splendours out
On dim, tumultuous hills, or gleamed

The cloven casques that led the rout
Of smitten clouds across the sky;
This man, for whom the sun might die
A hundred glorious deaths, nor wake
His soul to one heroic hope,
This man I know had left the slope
Where stands his home, to play a stake
For freedom on the battle-field;—
And, mark me, he would never wield
The pruning hook, or lend his hand
To rustic use, until the day
We scooped a kennel through the land,
To float its hoary sins away.

Well, one there was of softer mould,
Who called him by a brother's name;
Clear-eyed, with curls of Tuscan gold;
His gentle spirit like a star
Which none may reach, and naught can mar;
Seemed fed with an immortal flame.
They loved as brothers seldom do,

These twain, their souls exchanged their light;
Each saw within the other's sight,
Only the pure impending blue.
El Spirito, the younger's name,
Forsook his native town to find
That gilded cheat we men call Fame,
Who leads before, and mocks behind.
Marforio to his hill-side clung,
There toiled, and with great sinews wrung
Nature his way—so won his bread;
And shaking his dark robber head,
Saw the still stars above him hung,
The wondrous dawn before him spread,
Tawny and gold, a tiger's skin,
Stretched for some despot's bloody tread.

Now comes, my friend, the woman in;
Inevitable, you will say,
To weave the awful shirt, whose thin
Fair folds consume the soul away;—
A gift that Death still sends to Sin.

Who was she? Well, 'twixt you and me,
The Church had much to do with her;
It puddled all her pedigree,
It gave it its bar-sinister.
Doctrine and dogma lost their sense,
The ribald whisper who could quell,
When from a sacred eminence,
She rolled into the mire of Hell.
I knew her father; his the breed
That sought with horn and hoof to knead
Liberty to a lifeless mass,
To make our country a morass,
One drear Maremma. Friend, he went
Where he will better understand
The Christ he could not represent.

His child, she grew her way. No hand
Suppressed the poisonous sap that swelled
Through all her being, or upheld
Her nature to God's wholesome air.
Yet as she grew, she grew most fair.

Her form showed not the form within—
A large, lank, vulture-headed Vice
Whetting its beak in ways of sin.
Sir, you could not forget her hair;
Her form, Praxiteles would price
Above his statues; it might make
Death know desire, and Faith forsake
Its cross and creed. I do not know,
For ivory gleam or amber glow,
The painter who could match her skin.
Her eyes, malefic worlds, wherein
Passion purpureal darkness wrought.
With laugh, and speech, and look she brought
Man toppling from his iron mood.
And in the flush of womanhood
She met Marforio; every sense
In her shot out a serpent's head
To seize him, and the Vice in-bred
Flapped from the perch of its suspense.
He fell as strong men fall; she led
Him captive; in his face she flung

The glowing juice from pleasure wrung—
Thrusting her frailty into jaws
Hissing and angry: Love and Hate
To her were but an equal state,
That spurned the sham restraint of laws.

And time went on; at last returned
El Spirito. Now one might think
That on the verge of a red star
She stood, and saw his soul afar
In a more blissful sphere, and yearned
Her fiery lot with his to link.
She knew man's love for her had been
But passion for a thing terrene;
Furtive, mistrustful, and profane,
Distorted with its self-disdain;—
Who loved her most, she loved the least.
Star-crowned, her beauty might have shone
Malignant, at some poisoned feast,
When morning, in the blood-red east,
Had blown her horn o'er Babylon.

Now come I briefly to the end.
You know the terrace by the walls,
Where ilex trees and laurels lend
A fragrant screen when evening falls.
Hard by Monsignor's windows blink
At the free flag that flies below:
There is a sheer descent, I think
Some forty feet. Not long ago
We strolled there, speaking of the sins
Of statesmen, heard some violins,
Then resting, read Boccaccio.
Last night, I hear, Marforio walked
Upon the terrace. It is said,
Some fool to him had glibly talked
Of her he loved; his wit had chalked
Around her name some ribald jest.
Marforio struck him, but he bled
Inward himself. I think there pressed
The rat-like thought upon his brain
That truth within the jest had lain.
Alone he sought the cool night air,

And came upon the terrace where
The ilex trees against the blue
Stand finely etched. His sullen mood
Grew darker as a moonbeam threw
In sharp relief a woman's face.
'Twas she he loved. He thought she stood
Alone; but no—within a space
All shadowed, there was one with her,
Who spoke not, but who listened while
The woman spoke. The Past, she said,
Stricken by her great joy, was dead.
This pale prophetic whisperer,
Who thought her future to defile,
She mocked, and saw his livid head
Upon another charger now.
She loved, who laughed at every vow;
She loved, and one dread cast she threw—
Her soul—to win and worship him.

Marforio heard no more: he drew
Backward a step; his eyes were dim,

His brain reeled, and a palsy crept
Upon him. One short gasp for air—
And straight upon the pair he leapt:
A knife flashed, and a form that stepped
Forward, received it in the heart.
Ah, God! a fearful sight was there,
Dead at his feet his brother lay!
The woman, speechless, leaned apart;
The moon that moment from a cloud
Stared at the deed, and slipped away.
Appalled, Marforio stood, until
He seemed to hear, "Thou shalt not kill!"
Cried by his brother's blood aloud.
Then madness seized him, and he sprung
Upon the woman, who had set
Her teeth in silence; high in air
He raised her, cursed her, and then swung
Her whirling o'er the parapet.

This is my news. My friend, we fare
No worse than when the years were young—

Women still love, and still betray;
With savage instincts men repair
Their wrongs, yet with me you will say
That life has lost its old bouquet.

## NADA GHAZUL

Within the shrivelled shade I wait,
Where all the weary camels are,
Hard by the city's southern gate.
The sky above the white minar
Is burnished like a brazen plate.
No cool air comes, the sunlight thrills,
And sends hot whispers to the shade;
The green gorge of the shadowy hills
Is but a myth the night has made.
Upon the walls that stem the sand,
The watchman shields his aching sight;
With lips athirst the weary land
Pants for the dewfall of the night,
And all the trees that sigh and swoon
Mourn for the moonlight and the moon.

. . . . . .

"Peace on thy house, O passer by!
Say if perchance one hears or knows
Of Nada Ghazul, whose least sigh
Is richer than an attar rose.
She moves, and all the senses err
Filled with the fragrance of her grace,
The lightest leaf will hardly stir,
Lest o'er the marvel of her face
She draws the golden gossamer.
The sunbird flies, a jewel wrought,
Thro' wet green leaves and scarlet flowers,
Her smile above the darkest hours
Shines like the goldwork of bright thought.
She mounts superb to mighty thrones,
Upon the necks of chiefs and kings,
She melts the marrow of their bones.
She wears their armlets and their rings,
Their pearls of price and precious things.
She takes the rulers in her toils,
Their souls are hers to save or slay,
Upon her lap she holds the spoils,

Of cities cast like coins away.
Love waits for her at all her gates,
Death sheathes his glaive when she goes by,
Her lips, more luscious than green dates,
Are rubies shapened to a sigh.
She has no needs, she knows no cares,
Her thoughts are white doves on the wing;
The woes of all the world she wears
As lightly as a costly ring."

. . . . . .

"Who is this fool who speaks so fair
Of Nada Ghazul, does he know
If of his tongue he takes such care,
His bones will bleach, his head will show,
Black to the nape in the blue air,
To be a mark for kite and crow?
Boy, to thy mother let her give
The pap thou needst, if thou wouldst live
To be a man and wisely grow!
Fondle the famished tiger's head,
Upon the fierce king cobra tread,

Pluck my lord's beard, and if thou must,
Dash his proud turban in the dust.
But do not let thy fancies dwell
On Nada Ghazul, lest she sell
Thy soul to Satan, lest her wiles
Scourge thy poor flesh with many whips;
For know each life that she beguiles
Melts like a sweetmeat at her lips."

. . . . . .

"I stand where all the fervid street
Lies like a lizard in the heat,
The merchant dozes by his wares,
The soldier whiffs his smoke, and swears,
And gives each tale a fuller breath;
A beggar with the ribs of death,
Sits by the pest heap of his sins.
Hard by, a laughing harlot spins
A platter gleaming like her eyes.
Abroad a scourge of dust and flies
Blinds the faint air, and leaves the earth
Bandaged with flame thro' all its girth.

The noontide like a camel dies,
Smitten, forsaken in the sand.
The shadows lift a palsied hand
For pity to the parchment skies.
But still the busy dealer sells,
And long love stories from the north,
The player on the sithar tells;—
Well spoken lies, and well set forth.
O sithar player, break thy strains,
And sing of crops made fat with rains;
Sing of sweet sights and joyous sounds,
Of mountains that the moonlight bounds;
Of green hills rolling to the plains,
The healing vigour of their veins;
The rock-strewn river bed, no more,
Wrinkled and rent from shore to shore,
But full in flood, and bearing down
The riches of the white-walled town;
Sing of blue nights, in whose still calms
The world swings in a starry net,
Of ivory towers mid waving palms,

On lotus-laden waters set.
Reveal the shrine mid shadows cool,
Where like a queen the creeper dips
The regal crimson of her lips
Into the purple of the pool."

. . . . . .

"Set me no questions, I have ceased
To trace thy footsteps thro' the land.
This ruby her young soul released,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand.
This girdle from her zone was freed;
It gives thee all it once possest.
Her lips, a fruit with silver seed,
Upon this lotus flower was prest.
Its folded cup, like her left breast,
Hides in its gloom a golden heart.
Gird up thyself, with me depart.
A garden flowing with deep streams,
Plenteous with lovely flowers, whose dreams
Float thro' pavilions of blue air;
Delicious murmurs everywhere;

Music that dies and lives again,
Impelling bliss through every vein;
Waters that woo a golden stair.
Sweet thoughts, persuasions, gracious words,
That flit from bush to bush like birds;
A shadow ever gliding slow,
Shaking a silver ankle ring,
To set the jewelled moths awing.
Deep heavens above, a heaven below:
This is a garden given to thee,
This is a garden thou shalt see,
This is a garden thou shalt know."

. . . . . .

"O rose that glows in golden mist!
Here in this plaited band of shade
Shall I not pause? Sweet lips have kissed
The silence into speech, my soul
By some sweet soul is here waylaid."

. . . . . .

"Love's voice is low, Love's voice is clear,
And I am thine, and thou art dear.

My days are blotted like a scroll,
Weary with watching are mine eyes,
Too well they know the empty land,
Too well they know the mocking skies.
My lord, my lover, from thy hand,
Like a lone bird my life would feed;
Succour me in my sorest need!
Without thee I am all unblest,
With thee, I ask no sweeter boon;
I bow my head and beat my breast,
And turn my face against the noon.
Ah let me cry, he cometh soon,
From out the east, from out the west!"

"Sweet voice, that I have loved so long,
Sweet voice that thrills the darkness now,
And wakes the birds on every bough,
And makes the night seem wild with song.
Sweet, but to live within thy sight
Brief minutes, and my life may go;
I ask no more, though death this night

Be watching for mine overthrow.
Stretch forth thy hands, thy face unveil!
Love enters, and the kings depart;
The vultures fly, the nightingale
Sings to the musk rose of his heart."

. . . . . .

"Night is for silence. Why that scream?
It scares the sleeper from his dream,
And furrows up the night with dread.
On the bent arm the tired head,
Forgetful of its care and pain,
Must rest and turn to sleep again."

. . . . . .

"Bear out the body from the court,
And cast it in the river's bed,
There shall the wandering boar be fed.
Too soon his end the fool hath sought.
No more his heart shall rise and sink
To hear a woman's anklets clink.
The jewelled arm, the face withdrawn,
The sigh behind the silken screen,

The eager word, the kiss so keen,
Before the flushing of the dawn.
All these are ended, and he sleeps;
With placid lips and quiet brow,
No woman's tears can touch him now,
Though to the end of time she weeps.
Lo, o'er our track an adder creeps.
'Tis death who sees his mission done
Before the rising of the sun."

## SANDRO GALLOTTI

Sandro Gallotti,—Sir, your slave!
What service does your honour seek?
Stand closer, pray, if you would speak,
For there be babblers here who rave,
And hang with hints my fair repute.
Fat Beppo there, who tunes his lute,
Has switched his ears this way, to catch
The reason why my humble latch
Should yield admittance to your feet.

Step in, sir; never fear Pepete,
He's blind and toothless; so's the hag,—
Ho, mother! see if you can wag
Your ears an hour in yonder yard.
Now, sir, the door is safely barred,

And I stand by to know your will.
But first, let me the glasses fill.
The wine is good; perhaps you know
I have a vineyard, where the flow
Of Arno stopped Moroni's flight.
He was a monk, a foolish wight
Who pencilled some fair lady's face,
And straightway loved it, losing grace
With honest folk: and one dark night
Rode forth to seek the western hills,
The lady with him;—but their wills
Were sadly crossed: pursuit was swift;
They rode them down, and never shrift
Was shorter than they gave to him.
For this fact my remembrance takes
That, when the dawn was showing dim,
They spilt his blood among the stakes.
Forgive the tale, I'd no design
To tell it through; yet, by the rood,
I think the young monk's amorous mood
Still circles in this golden wine.

But now, sir, let me know your quest.
This portrait! yea, the man is blest
Who sees in heaven a fairer face.
It has the lovely oval form,
Deep twilight in the eyes, yet warm,
And laughing with an airy grace.
And what is this you hand to me?
Another portrait,—ah, I see
A youth this time of mournful mien,
A face a maid would muse upon,
And one, sir, I have sometimes seen
In paintings of the loved St. John.
But stay, upon a closer view,
I think I know the features well;
Ay, by my soul, and I could tell
A tale of them that touches you.
For know, one night-fall, it fell out
That as I stood within the shade
Of that south-wall of yours, and made
Remonstrance with a sorry rout
Of scarecrow sins, I turned, and heard

The myrtle bushes near me stirred;
And there stepped forth, at stealthy pace,
A form with this same mournful face.
I marked it very well; it went
Straight to the chapel, doubtless bent
On prayer, and softly entered in.
And following close, I thought to win
The fragrance of his holy mood,
And therein gain such grace as would
Ease hell's hot foretaste in my soul.
Beneath the rose-hung porch I stole,
And loosed my sword against surprise;
And seeing how the night was fair,
Thought that with some donzella's eyes
A rhymer might its charm compare.
A moment then I paused, and made
Christ's emblem on my sinful breast,
And so, with some vague doubt possest,
Right swifty passed into the shade
That wrapt the chapel's western wall.
And, standing close, I thought I heard

A rustled mantle, and the fall
Of footsteps pacing to and fro;
And then, somehow, the darkness stirred,
And shrunk into the aisles, and lo!
A fluent shaft of moonlight fell
On traceried arch and imaged cell,
And I beheld the youth again.
And was it love, or was it pain,
That made his eyes so sadly fair?
The waving curls of his dark hair
Fell from his brows, and seemed to cast
A pallor o'er his face, wherein
The features of an antique past
Bespoke high claim to princely kin.
Fearful he seemed of some surprise,
For now and then his hand would grip
The dagger-hilt, that my quick eyes
Saw shrewdly lurking on his hip.
And as he moved a pace apart,
I saw, what my poor sight opprest,
A ruby in a golden heart

Flash its resentment on his breast.
Now, sir, if haply I had been
The common stabber that they say,
That gaud would have been mine, I ween,
Before the breaking of the day.
But, as I live, I had no thought
To foul my soul with further sin,
And did but seek to come within
The motive that so strangely brought
This youth at midnight in my way.

"Isole! Isole!" I heard him say,
And then "Isole!" as though his breath
Bursting the very seals of death,
Went forth to seek its own again.
And then, methought, a muffled strain
Of music stirred the slumbrous air,
And wooed the heart and lured the brain
With odours to its silver lair,
A sun-lit glimpse of something fair,—
A palace-garden old and sweet,

A great King's daughter dreaming there,
Her lover harping at her feet.
And as I shook my senses free
From these soft languors, like a flame
That licks the darkness up, there came
A form so fair, she seemed to me
The offspring of a fabled race.
I marked the sorcery of her face,
I saw her immemorial eyes,
Her lips, the Orphir of Love's sighs,
The carven mystery of her breast;
And one blush rose methought lay dead
Upon her cheek, and all her head
With aureate hair was effloresced.

She passed—one pause—and then they met;
And every boundary that was set
Betwixt their souls was swept away.
They knew not that the world still lay
Around them in its ceaseless fret,
Nor that their souls' ecstatic flight

Was clipped with clouds of death and night.
They knew but Love,—in him they saw
Their God, their worship, and their law.

They met to part; 'twere vain to tell
The anguish born of their farewell.
I know a tear came stealing down
From some old corner dry and brown,
And wreaked an outrage in my eye.
And how they went, I know not, I—
I turned to go, and then a laugh
Like to a dagger's jaggéd half,
Shivered the stillness of the night.

And do I read your thoughts aright?
It is your will that they should die,
Nor make your life a haggard lie?
Your will, sir, is my own. I'll take
Two hundred nobles down; the stake
Of my poor life is haply more.
They shall not meet in dalliance sweet,

Nor sigh, as riding down the street
Their severed lots they do deplore.
And she for you no more shall be
The gentle lady, bright, and free,
Who laughs i' the sun, and looks so fair,
And mocks you with her eyes and hair.
She dies to-night,—and so does he
Farewell! how soon the twilight faints!
Relieve your mind of all its fears,
And may God's Mother and the Saints
Preserve your life for many years.

## IN A ROMAN GARDEN

*In the following lines the writer has endeavoured to give a metrical account of a conference which is supposed to have taken place in the gardens of a Monastery at Rome towards the end of the 18th century. The first speaker has for many years brooded over the betrayal of his child, which lies at the door of a Prince of a great historical family. At the time of its occurrence, she was the betrothed of the second speaker, who subsequently became a priest. The conversation bears mainly upon the assassination of the Prince.*

"You hold it fit that he should die;
Why then, he dies to-morrow morn.
Nay, blench not; 'tis a hate outworn
That fears, and falters, and would cry
Forbear! ere yet the thrust is given
That sets aright an old account.
Look you, at last your soul shall mount
Equal with his; shall see his driven
By one fierce gust of vengeful breath
A speck along the gorge of death.

What! shall I speak then in his praise,
That you keep silent? Sir, he fouled
Your early fame, his hang-dogs howled
You up and down life's honoured ways;
He took the fruitage of your days,
And tramped it into blood and dirt.
I see remembrance still will spirt
In flame along your pallid brow,
But you're a priest, and so must bow
The head, and turn a patient cheek."

"My friend, be calm! You know you speak
Of one who is your foe and mine.
My hate flows mixed like oil and wine:
I keep my features smooth and sleek—
Your own are scored with every sign
And note of evil. He who stripped
My days of their dear hopes, who whipped
Your back with scorpions; aye, who bound
Your hands to every godless trade,
And all about my future wound

Such snares as drove me to the shade
Of loveless walls—still lives and thrives.
Think you within his heart he hives
No fear of us? I say his wealth
Chokes him, and every hour his health
Yellows towards death; his silken vest
Is horsehair to his back and breast;
And she, whose fairness makes heaven fair,
Dead now, alas! but living there,
Haunts the pale vistas of his sleep."

"Why then, what would you have me do?
Fold arms, forswear revenge, and glue
My lips, and round dark corners creep
When he comes by? I heard of you
In Venice, Sir, and I have come
Thus far, have entered Rome, to learn
Postures, and prayers, and fasts can numb
The virile blood; that Hate will burn,
An odorous pastille—nothing more!
My years o'erlap your own a score;

My wrongs with yours stand head to head;
I lack the pious deeds that stead
The soul, when it to judgment comes;
Yours are high places, mine the slums;
Yet am I ready here to-day
To do God's work, to tear away
From His own soil the noxious growth
Whose blistering shade is o'er us both.
Say, will you share with me the deed?"

"My friend, think not I intercede
For him. Come rest within the shade
These twisted quince-tree boughs have made.
Why push a knife into the nerves
Of a sad subject which deserves
Our politic pity? It were well,
Seeing how all his minions swell
The traffic of the square and street,
To hood your hate. It is not meet,
Or wise, to wear those fretful brows,
That grizzled growth on lip and chin;

It makes one wonder if within
Your heart unchristian thoughts you house!
Make yourselves smug, uplift your gaze,
Be gaily garrulous, and appear
Civic, or cleric in your ways:
Seeing an idler lounging near,
Know him an honest man, and not
The spy who shifts the counter-plot,
Yet shakes your hand! You must not play
And dally with that dagger-hilt,
My friend, in such an open way.
If by some chance his blood were spilt,
My lips are sealed; so who shall say,
This is the man to bear the guilt!"

"Fra Pietro, in that solemn smile
I gauge your hate, I guess your guile.
My speech, you know, was never fair;
I live for strife; you live for rest;
The Cross is on you, everywhere—
Excepting in your brain and breast.

Yours are the feet no snares emesh;
While you sit calm, my senses swim;
I swear that when I think of him,
A thousand thorns are in my flesh.
See, here, a cameo of her face.
Now all your frozen pulses start,
The ice-bands burst about your heart,
One glimpse—and you have grown in grace!
My child, Christ keep her! He must know
Not all Love's tresses, all her tears,
Not His own blood could make more clean
Her maiden soul, which now appears
Crowned with white blooms which once have been
The thorns that testified her woe.

Hearken! on us a duty hangs—
To slay a gluttonous bulk of crime;
To make it food for famished fangs,
And refuse for the river slime;
To mar, and mangle. Mark me now!
This business shall be mine, I vow.

Your hand shall not be in the deed;
Your part shall be, with pallid brow,
Beneath the symbol of the creed,
To watch, and pray, and intercede.
I will to men the deed atone,
And you, to God; before His throne
Taking upon your soul the sin.
Is this a pact that we may pin
Fast to our separate fates? Be brief;
The night draws on us like a thief;
Make your will known!"

"Go forth! my friend,
Assured that I shall in the end
Relieve your soul of this one crime,
Each shall be punished in his time;
You in this world, I in the next.
Be of good cheer, serene, unvexed;
Strike home, and spare not; let him live
Only to see your face: I'll give
The absolution you will need.

In spirit I shall see him bleed,
And count his wounds, and curse his clay.
Look, how yon lurid sunset glares,
And spills its flame; be bold, I say!
He can do much who greatly dares.
Now, take my blessing, and away!
Leave me to meditate and pray."

[*Chanting of priests is heard in the distance.*]

CHANT.

*No sin so scarlet but can be*
*Cleansed of its stain. Since Christ forgives,*
*Rejoicing if the sinner lives,*
*Shall man do less? Oh, blest is he*
*Who gives his foes the food they crave,*
*The drink they need; who tends their sores,*
*And helps to life, and cheats the grave,*
*And to the hands that smote restores*
*The vanished strength! Such love, he knows,*
*Such love as shields from fiercer foes,*

*And breaks in twain their chastening rod,*
*Draws up with cords the soul to God.*

"From out a myrrh bush, long ago,
God spoke—and now He speaks to me
From yonder olives! He can see
My heart, and seeing it, He will know
It is a crater choked and charred
With scoriæ of a passion dead!
Will lilies bloom in such a bed,
Where all sweet things grow rank and marred
By the fierce drouth? From hip to head
This hate of mine is seamed and scarred!
Made in Thine image, make me whole
O God, I pray! There may be time
To stop the passage of this crime,
And gain some respite for my soul.
Madman! come back, I will not hide
Behind the blessed Cross, nor creep
Beneath God's altar! I abide
No longer by my vow; I keep

No pact with you!—My voice is gone,
My limbs grow rigid!—Is there none
To help me to sustain my breath?
The blood-splash of a ghastly death
Blinds my faint sight—I cannot see—
O Christ, of Thy exceeding grace,
Look down, take pity, show Thy face—
This hour in heaven remember me!"

## AT CARTHAGE

SCENE.—*A terrace of the royal palace at Carthage facing the sea. Æneas sleeps on a couch in the moonlight. Dido watches at his side. A slave-girl rests at her feet. The sound of stringed instruments is faintly heard. A sentinel paces in the distance.*

*Dido.*

SWEET, wilt thou take these roses from my hair?
The stalks are caught among the amber beads;
Unloose them, sweet, the air grows faint with scent.
This chalice is from Sidon, where the stars
Glow in a heaven as purple as the sea;
Canst thou recall that city? hast thou known
Its bowers, its towers, its cedarn balconies,
Lustrous with wreathéd tresses, and dark eyes,
And shapes, rich as the vintage and as warm?
Come, ease my soul with song, lend thou thy voice
To some fond theme; unclose thy delicate lips,

Like a young rose that sweetens all the air:
Nay, see, he sleeps, we will not mar his dreams.

*Slave.*

My queen, the hour is late, the sea-wind moans
Its broken wing, and with the sea-birds sleeps;
Yield thou thyself to rest, I will watch here.

*Dido.*

Nay, do thou rest! Shadow thyself with sleep!
And where no eye can see thee, let thy soul
Seize on the flying moment that doth bear
The joy of all the world within its palm:
Come nearer while I whisper. Be to-night
A nymph upon the breast of some bright God.
Love when thou canst, love comes not every day.
See, I will kiss thy brows.

*Slave.*

Nay, let me kiss
Thy feet my queen. I pray the Gods that thou,

Thou, and thy love, and I, may find some prow
To cleave the seas, and bear us evermore
Out of all distance, and beyond all time.

*Dido.*

Fond slave! thy gentle thought is like thyself
Near to my heart. Good night! Once more, good night!
The drug was swift, and potent, half the wine
Lies still within the cup; the poppy's sleep
I pour o'er thee, thou pale, and lovely rose!
Hush cruel sound! Dull soldier! why alarm
The tranquil hour with clang of glaive and shield?
Does Troy's high wall encompass thee, my love?
Ah me! I think the Greeks glare at thee now
Horrent, and hoar with battle, and again,
Thou see'st the livid forks of warring steel
Disedge the darkness of the windy plain.
Art thou with Paris now? with Helen now?
Does Hector grip thy hand? or is thy soul
Adrift upon the seas? Alas! that thought
Burns like an angry scar between my breasts.

Would I could pluck it from me, as I pluck
This blade, that is my heart's hate, cold, and keen.

*Æneas.*

My will, what will have I to come between
The act, and the decree? If I must go,
I go, as goes the drift before the wind:
Faithful, unfaithful, which? Do ye decide!

*Dido.*

Thou lovely wanton! wouldst thou take from me
Him who has made me crownless in my rule?
Thy arms would lure him to his death, I know,
In some dim purple chamber, and thy lips,
Anemone, and scentless, fain would steal
From mine the costly life I claim alone.

*Æneas.*

With veiléd eyes, o'er sterile tracts of time,
I win a fleeting glimpse of things to be.
Fame, like a star, gilding the after-glow

Of my life's setting; unrecorded lands,
Gripped in the talons of my people's rule;
War's serried watch-fires, gleaming thro' the night
Upon remotest confines; and away,
O'er plunging seas, the wings of wandering ships
Pursuing distance to its utmost verge.
And then, thro' all enactments, do I feel
A god's great shadow shielding me about,—
The girdle of his might upon my loins,—
His effluence filling my exultant soul,—
And yet I pause, I pause, because I know
This bauble of a kingdom can but be
Worn as the opulent hire of my shame:
I pause. Alas! my queen, art thou so near?

*Dido.*

Why dost thou blench, and tremble? Whence these words
Of fateful import? O my love! I heard
The deep-hushed murmurs of disrupted days

Thronging through all thy speech : speak to me, sweet !
Thy darksome looks strike thro' me like a sword.

*Æneas.*

Her beauty burns its way into my blood,
Her flesh to mine cleaves like a hungering flame.
What shall I say to thee, whose lips were made
To murmur soft enchantments, in whose voice
Linger ineffable memories ? O my queen !
Thine arms are dearer boundaries to my soul,
Than those the Gods ordain.

*Dido.*

If it be so,
Troy had not walls more high, nor battlements
More sure in siege, than those my love shall raise
To hold thee scatheless. Then shall every fear
Hurtle an ill-aimed arrow at our feet,
Whose barbéd point we'll smile at. Aye, and then,
Hiding a sword in its ensanguined breast,
No hour shall glide from out its formless gloom

To slay us unawares. So sweet, shall we,
Bosomed in bliss, live on, till one shall lay,
On brows grown weary with the weight of crowns,
Two happy wreaths of deathless asphodel.

*Æneas.*

My queen, it may not be; thy words are vain:
The most high Gods have willed it otherwise:
Be brave, as I am brave, who see my heart
Torn by a merciless maw, who live and breathe
But through the fiery throes of many deaths.

*Dido.*

Craven! to mammer of thy Gods to me.
Between thy lips, between thy lids and eyes,
Starts forth the solemn treason of thy soul.
Coward! thou shalt not leave me till thou art
Signed with a nobler crime; my blood shall give
A braver colour to those priestly hands.
Do now thy Gods' behest; see here's my heart!
Strike! and my love shall vex thee nevermore.

Be sudden with me, seeing that I live
Only to come between the Gods and thee.

*Æneas.*

Sweet, I have held the Future to my heart,
And seen her face to face. Thou dost but feel,
Thou dost not know. 'Tis I who know and feel
The uttermost. Of Aphrodité born,
My doom it is to pass Love's well-head by;
Yet lingering near it, I have drunk one cup
Delirious unto death. Release my hands,
Pity me, do not hate me, let me go.

*Dido.*

Nay, sweet, thou shalt not leave me, nay, belov'd,
Cleave unto me, and on the faithless waves,
Amid strange folk, O wander nevermore!
Dost thou not love me? speak! I charge thee speak!
Let not thine eyelids close me from thy sight,
Nor thrust me from thee with averted hands.

Behold, my love, the Gods are not with thee!
E'en now the wind rises to keep thee here;
Hark to its challenge to the land, its shout
Across the dreadful trenches; see it slings
Its arrowy missiles at the startled shore.
Thou shalt not forth to night, thou wouldst not see,
Ever astern, a sad pursuing face,
Envisaged, drowning, in the darkling flood.
Canst thou not speak, shall no soft word, no look
Born of our love, exorcise my despair?

*Æneas.*

My queen, I dreamt a dream one stormy night:
Around me grew thickets of tangled snakes,
Faces and forms abhorrent flitted near;
Great flowers I saw, whose glistening discs dripped blood;
Trees, whose huge limbs horror had racked and strained;
Black pools that bubbled with the drowned, and drew
Dark murderous plants about them; terrible clefts,
And gleaming crystal pits of fiercest salt
That mocked a dragon's thirst. All this I saw,

And yet my soul knew not the agony
Which now I feel, leaving thee here forlorn.

*Dido.*

If it be so, perish thy ships, and stay.
Leave me not here to die, alone, forlorn,
Dumb with the desert's agony. Alas,
Thou art the hunter who hath stricken me.
A wounded thing, across the aching sands,
I stare and wonder at thy cruelty.

*Æneas.*

Thy words drink up my life with lips of flame.
The Gods would thrust the sobbing sea between
Thy heart and mine: I but obey their will.

*Dido.*

They have no power to slay this love in me,
Immeasurable, immortal as themselves.
Here do I bare my breast, and bid them strike,
Scorch me into the dust and scatter me,
To fill with tears the blind eyes of the wind.

*Æneas.*

There is a heavy tremor in the air,
The Gods are all about us; do not speak
Words that are wanton, words that yet may turn
And piecemeal rend our lives with wolfish teeth.
I fear the Gods, and bow my head to them.

*Dido.*

I love, and fear them not. That man for me
Who makes the Gods turn pale on their high thrones,
And all Olympus tremble. Dost thou think
To leave me here forlorn, my mariner,
Weeping a hapless lot? Wouldst have me be
A sad Sidonian virgin who doth breathe
Many an amorous sigh across the waves,
For sunken ships, and riven sails, and spars,
And floating faces staring at the stars?
Thou hast forgotten where thy foot is placed.

*Æneas.*

I am thy slave and subject evermore,

*Dido.*

Subject and slave, less than these lands of mine
Caught in the hot embraces of the sun
And kissed to sleep and silence. Do not think
Night shall deliver thee, or day shall find
Thy flying galleys on the dawn-flushed sea.
Death sunders all thy hopes when thou art white
And wan with faithless living, when thy voice
Dies in the dark, calling thy Gods in vain.

*Æneas.*

Thy guards are near at hand, I wait the stroke.

*Dido.*

My blood would burst its channels but to mix
With thine upon the marble. Nay, belov'd,
I love thee so, that hate could ne'er be mine.
Do with me as thou wilt, forsake me not,
Slay me, but do not leave me, live with me
Superior to the world and all its Gods.

*Æneas.*

Arm, O ye Gods, my heart against her tears!
Let not her prayers unclench my firm resolve!
Belovéd eyes, your glances evermore
Will look across the years and follow me:
Sweet mouth, no philter of the farthest east
Prisons a spell more maddening than thy own:
One kiss, one last embrace, my queen, farewell!

*Dido.*

Where art thou love? where art thou? on my brow
Thy breath still lingers, and thy mail but now
Lay cold against my cheek. Thou art not gone?
Not gone? Ah me, no answer! love, I faint,
Put forth thy arm, no answer still, my heart
Turns to a spear-head in my tortured breast;
The air seems frozen round me, and I feel—
My guards arrest his flight! he's gone! he's gone!

## CHARMIAN

Sweet, let me paint you as you were,
  As you are now;
My words your still heart cannot stir
  Or flush your brow.

Where did I see you first? I think
  'Twas where the sand
Dips at the yellow river's brink
  A scorching hand.

Beyond the wells, a whisper calms
  The reeds' soft noise,
A hint of evening gives the palms
  A lighter poise.

And you are there and in the stream
Your galley lies;
I think no gem for depth and gleam
Can match your eyes.

You see me and one word you give
Whose quickening breath,
Has made me love you while you live,
And after death.

And now the noon no more is lord
Of all the skies,
He falls upon his flaming sword
And swoons and dies.

And round his pallid corpse the din
Of day declines,
His blood the desert's brindled skin
Incarnadines.

And overhead an orange glare,
  An aureate glow,
One star that gives the glimmering air
  Its subtle throe.

But who would watch the wave, the skies,
  The stars, the breeze?
When the dim worlds within your eyes
  Encompass these.

And who the high gods would invoke
  For help and gain?
If you were by to break their yoke
  And snap their chain.

The gods, they love you not, to them
  You give away,
No amaranthine anadem
  For help and stay.

You stretch to them no suppliant hands,
Unmoved they wait,
They make an anvil of the lands
To forge your fate.

They know the hour that ends the feast,
Their slaves have said
Within the dark adulterous East
You make your bed.

That manhood's honour nobly hewn
You knead like clay,
That all the husks of sin are strewn
About your way.

From gemlit towers across the night
You cast your charms,
And call dread spirits to delight
Within your arms.

No raiment your rapt beauty drapes,
Or veils the view,
And maddened stars take mortal shapes
And kneel to you.

Your lips are lotus blooms that sway
By waters cool,
Your heart the monster hid away
Within the pool.

Their hatred plucks you by the hair
To scourge and scar,
And sets your wondrous beauty where
The lepers are.

But I who know and weigh the sin
Your soul has planned,
Find it a little gold within
The hollowed hand.

And all the good ascending high,
From darkness drawn,
An arch of pearl that spans the sky
And fronts the dawn.

Farewell, across the far sea line
My galleys sail;
Their beaks of bronze shall tear the brine
And shear the gale.

But urging winds, and striving oars,
And plunging sea
May bear me swift to other shores,
But nearer thee.

Nearer, does death divide us? No,
In heart and brain
I feel thee move, and mount, and glow,
And live again.

Impotent Gods, ye yield no sign
  Her spirit gives!
Dark mirrored eyes, dead lips divine,
  Your empire lives!

## THE KNIGHT DYONNE

"KEEP peace, thou knave, it is the King.
His only daughter rides at rein,
The wild birds and the minstrels sing
Of her through all the green champaign;
She is the flower of Maluraine.
Were I a knight, the leagues of land
That lie between the Loire and Seine
I'd give to kiss her little hand."

"My lands are broad, my rivers wide,
The air is free from east to west,
Pardieu, the knight Dyonne may ride
At will, in dim blue armour drest.
None care if he be banned or blest;
His worth is nought, his deeds are vain,

He hath no squire to bear his crest,
No castle and no chatelaine."

"His lance is sure, his sword is keen;
The knight Dyonne is more to me
Than all the knights who ride between
The sunset and the northern sea.
Alas, a princess cannot be
Where trumps are blown and flags unfurled,
But would that I were page to thee,
To aid thy valour through the world."

"Then never shalt thou see again
The knight Dyonne come riding by
Across the meads of Maluraine.
Seek thou his white plumes in the sky,
His banner in the gold-barred west,
And from thy prison tower descry
O'er wood and wold his azure crest,—
The cross agleam upon his breast."

And now long months are passed away,
And to her tower the King is come.
"Thou see'st my child the heavy sum
Thy rebel heart has had to pay.
Look on the world so green and gay,
The pink and white of pear and plum,
The apple orchard's rich array;
Listen to all the merry stir
Of page and groom and falconer;
Brave knights are waiting for the blue
Of eyes that love is looking through,
Knights who have seen Christ's sepulchre."

"Ah sire, I have much need of him,
Sore need of this same knight Dyonne,
I care not if my days be dim,
If years of sorrow follow on;
So that one day, by God's dear grace,
The knight Dyonne shall see my face.
Dead though I be upon my bier,
He'll need no word, no sigh, no tear

To know I am the damozel,
Who loved him long, who loved him well."

The king in wrath has passed away.
She knows the night is coming soon,
She sees the red embattled moon
Burst the high barriers of the day.
She leans from out her lonely tower
And hears one singing far below.
"Winds of the world will ye not blow
Into my hands Love's fairest flower?
The darkness gathers round my feet,
And round my soul, O azure eyes,
See not the scene of my defeat!
God give me strength to grasp the prize.
Wear, sweet, the white disguise of death,
Be still and speechless, and thy breath
But as the lily's on thy lips;
The silver lace the moonflower dips
Into the dew be on thy brow;
And none God's peace shall disavow.

Sure is my faith though I depart,
Sorrow nor time my soul can daunt,
Star of the desert of my heart,
Rose of the land of my romaunt."

The morn is come and in her tower
They find her to all seeming dead.
And all are gathered in that hour
To weep and mourn her spirit fled;
And chants are sung and prayers are said,
The King hath kissed the damozel,
God's curse hath burnt him like a brand;
A little page who loved her well
Hath wept hot tears upon her hand.
White blossom of the dark green dell,
Beauty that God's own Mother planned,
Pearl of the blue sea's rarest shell
Cast by the tempest on the strand,—
Murmur the Knights who say farewell.

And slowly now they bear the bier,
While all the sunshine seeks the shade,

And birds are hushed, and every blade
Of grass Christ blesses with a tear.
Why come the mourners to a stand?
A knight in dim blue armour drest
Unto the bier his way hath prest.
"Hearken, O King, and all thy band!
The knight Dyonne is come again
To see the Rose of Maluraine,
To see once more the damozel
He loved so long, he loved so well."
Swiftly, with golden scissors fine,
He cuts the silken winding sheet,
And as their lips one moment meet,
See on her face a smile divine,
In her blue eyes a radiance sweet.

"Marry them, priest, the king doth say,
A love that hath such deathless sway
Nor God nor man can put away."

## MARIE ETELKA

O FAIR, and fond, and cruel!
About you cling and close
The gleam of every jewel,
The breath of every rose.

Come, radiant in your graces,
And lead us to our doom;
So frostlike in your laces,
So fragile in your bloom.

O eyes, so dark and dancing!
Red lips, so ripe, and sweet!
What glamour in the glancing
And motions of your feet!

Our hopes dissolve in sadness,
And die in one adieu;
Too well we know the madness
That comes of loving you.

How can we see you better?
Than when the sunset glows,
Your heart without a fetter,
Your sleigh upon the snows.

The moonlight is before you,
The stars in silence meet,
The heavens are watching o'er you,
The world is at your feet.

Past things seem sad and olden,
The song and smile take flight,
That were so gay and golden,
So full of love and light.

The joy that each one misses,
We'll follow through the years,
With flowers that spring from kisses
And pearls that come from tears.

If you were born capricious,
And changeful as the sky,
You give us days delicious,
And nights that never die.

Unmindful of your treasons,
We find in you the mirth,
The music of the seasons,
The joy of all the earth.

## MEXICAINE

Come, stamp a tiny foot, and flash
  Those eyes of radiant brown,
The fig tree in the court will dash
  A deeper shadow down;
Come, fair of form, and sweet of name,
  Before I breathe adieu,
The humming birds with wings aflame
  Will flit and fly to you.

The heavy aloes though they loom
  So rigid in the heat,
Will send the lizard from their gloom
  To watch your fervent feet.
The languid look, the burning glance,
  The proud head's splendid poise,

Will end the tiger lily's trance,
And hush the mockbird's noise.

Dance, and the jealous rose shall yield
The tribute of her musk,
Dance ere the moon with spear and shield
Shatters the purple dusk;
Dance, and our sorrow flies afar,
And joy speeds on the trail,
Dance ere the opal-hearted star
Shall don her bridal veil.

Pause not to think that passion sleeps
And dies beneath its thrall;
The life-blood of our pleasure leaps
In many a torrent fall.
So fettered, sweet, and yet so free,
Our lives divide and go,
I sail the dim Pacific sea,—
You sigh in Mexico.

## YVONNE

My thoughts are touched with tears, Yvonne,
My spirits lose their glow;
They turn to far off Carcassonne,
To you who loved me so.
No suns now shine, no moons have shone,
No stars their radiance throw,
Like those when you were mine, mignonne,
So many years ago.

Your picture to my heart is pressed,
Your lips so red and rare,
The Bourbon roses at your breast,
The lilies in your hair,—
Of all their fragrance still possessed,
You seem to me more fair

Than when my youth had years more blest
And days more debonnair.

My good sword now I lean upon,
My steed grows staid and slow;
We'll ford no more the frozen Don,
Nor swim the flooded Po;
But wander back to Carcassonne,
With only scars to show;
And seek within its shade, Yvonne,
The peace you only know.

## BALLAD OF THE BUCCANEER

THERE's an oath in the skies that are bulking black.
We're a jolly and drunken crowd!
The wind like a trollop is shrieking back
At the sea that is cursing loud.
Who's cowed?
At the song of a shot and a shroud.

With rum in our scuppers and sea room to spare,
And a flag that is never run down,
We'll bully the devil, and take from his care
The tawny-skinned girls of the town.
We'll crown
The ebony, yellow, and brown!

The best of our gristle we'll never refuse
For the plunder of Peter and Paul,
The wealth of the Jews we've left in the stews,

Here's room and a riddance to all!
Now call
For the boys who will open the ball.

We've muffled our oars and are rowing strong
Where the coco palms skirt the lagoon,
We'll slither the silence, and pierce with a prong
The darkness that dodges the moon,
And soon
Find a gag for the night and the noon.

The pick of our crew we'll count no more;
We have drunk to their souls this night;
We'll follow them close if they go before
To fall in a hurricane fight,
Or bite
Black chew in a noose drawn tight.

## RHYME OF THE SEAFARER

I LOVE a lass at Lagos,
A widow at Boree,
A girl in Galapagos,
But keep the open sea.
With beads and rings and brooches,
Much better would it be
To drop their dear reproaches
And guard the rum for me.

I sail upon a bowline,
Fine weather on my lea,
I never need a towline,
My topsails filling free.
Good luck is on the waters,
The quarrel's on the quay,—

The landsharks' lovely daughters
Are waiting all for me.

She'll watch for sails at sundown,
The widow of Boree,
Unless his ship is run down,
Her sailor man she'll see.
He'll buy her gay bandanas
When he goes on the spree,
And thumping big bananas,
And lots of sangaree.

The lass I left at Lagos
I'll soothe away her qualms,
The girl in Galapagos
I'll kiss beneath the palms.
For Love has many laws, Sir,
At least for men like me,
Who slips an easy hawser,—
And runs away to sea.

## L'INCONNUE

Sweet face, pourtrayed with loving care,
The grace that fits you like a crown
Has made you shyly gazing down,
For ever young, for ever fair.

A quiet home you seem to know,
Red-bricked and gabled, round whose wings
Festooned the heavy ivy swings
To drowsy airs that come and go.

Dim garden-haunts your steps recall,
The rose trees know your fost'ring hand;
I think the lilacs understand
The songs you sing at evenfall.

I think the thrush his wings unfurls,
And leaves the apple's golden half,
To catch the music of your laugh—
The glimmer of your chestnut curls.

Perchance in after-times I'll trace
Your life's way, like a lane in June;
Perchance, too, in some happy tune,
I'll find a memory of your face.

## AT SORRENTO

Imperious, dark, thy beauty suits
The sunset sky, the crimson wave,
Whose splendour to the winds' low lutes
Faints to the pallor of the grave.
Why art thou standing there so calm?
A tempest in thy breast and brain,
Thy form, an emerald island palm,
Torn by an unseen hurricane.

I watch thee now, impassive, white,
Cold brows high-crowned with dusky hair,
Wherein the crystals of the night
Awake a lustre fierce and fair.
What dost thou yearn for, gazing far
Into the nothingness of life,—

Possession of yon lurid star,
Fullness of love, or peace or strife?

Of what fierce joys thy soul is fain
I know not; maybe, Hate has curled
Those fervent lips to fine disdain
Of all the weakness of the world:
Maybe, Love, seeing thee so fair,
Apportioned sorrow for thy part,
Led thee unto the altar stair,—
And left a dagger in thy heart.

Is the rich colour on thy cheek
But shame that deepens day by day?
Are those lips red that they may wreak
Vengeance on men who fall away?
That full marmorean breast of thine,
Hides it an altar and a blade,
A cap of sacrificial wine,—
Bitter with blood by thee betrayed?

Who knows? It is enough that I
See thee beneath the stars alone,
Hear the wind stooping to a sigh
O'er sculptured shoulders cold as stone;
And watch the foam flowers thrown to me,
Here where blue waters rise and fall,
Here where I bid good night to thee,—
Here where I bid good night to all.

## ALFRED TENNYSON

A NOBLE life, a spotless page,
A golden record—these are thine,
Around whose English name we twine
The laurels of this latter age.

Though finished now thy lofty part,
Thy lyre is ours, thy songs are sung
Wherever swells the Saxon tongue,
Wherever beats the English heart.

Thy lips scorned not their native breath,
Thine eyes saw English skies above,
England was ever in thy love—
England is with thee at thy death.

We carve thy name on stone and brass;
I seek thee out by sylvan springs,
And find thee where the chaffinch sings,
In hazels by the daisied grass.

And mid the fields on mellow eves,
Perchance thy lyric muse I'll meet,
A blue-eyed maiden, singing sweet,
In grass-green skirts and golden sleeves.

Rich glimpses of our mother-land,
Amid the gloom of laden life,
The stir, the stress, the babel-strife,
Grow nearer 'neath thy master-hand.

Women to thee were sweet, serene,
Men, strong, erect, of high resolve;
No spells had Vivien to involve
Thy genius in the gross and mean.

And though base aims our lives obscure,
  And greed and gain bring down a curse,
  Yet he who reads thy noble verse,
Will find his vision growing pure.

Thy music is not mute: thy strain,
  In whispers of the woods and rills,
  In callings of the vales and hills,
Bids us rejoice with thee again.

It cries to us on scudding seas,
  By capes of storm, and cliffs of fear,
  In writhing channels, black and drear,
Torn by the tridents of the breeze.

It comes to us on odorous tides,
  From crystal creek, or cove unknown,
  Or bay, which seems a sapphire stone,
On which the white felucca rides.

Farewell, austere, prophetic face!
O mighty poet, thy renown,
Thy sword, thy lyre, the laurel crown,
Are now the heirlooms of our race.

## SLEEP

Come Sleep, beloved Sleep, come soon!
O'er leagues of blue enchanted seas,
Fly with the sea-birds and the breeze,
And bear thy boon.

Beneath the stars where lingerest thou?
Is some Hesperian island thine,
Or dost thou steer to some sea-shrine
A phantom prow?

Thy mystic kisses bring delight:
Dark-browed white-bosomed, in what calm
Of coral isle and starlit palm
Art thou this night?

Dream-fed by some dim stream, thy eyes
  Are star-blooms glimmering in the dusk;
The rifled rose may find its musk
  In thy replies.

Set thy still hand within my own,
  Shake thy deep tresses o'er my face,—
And I have found in thy embrace
  A crown and throne.

Kiss one rich bloom where'er thou art,
  Kiss it and blow it here to me,
'Twill set the sobbing pulses free,
  And still the heart.

Life fails us fast, the moments creep;
  Fold me in one full pause of thine,
Give to my lips thine anodyne,
  Beloved Sleep!

## RETROSPECT

Stretch forth thine arms and bend thine eyes
Across a sterile tract of years,
And all thy kisses and thy sighs
Commingled with thy sacred tears
Shall reach me on a cross that rears
Its gloom this side of Paradise.

What have we done that we should be
Cast forth, abandoned and accurst?
The Gods who rain their hate on thee,
Upon my soul have worked their worst,
And Love but yields as from the first
The cold fruition of the sea.

What we were once we will remain,
For time can never mar the grace,
Or hallow more the holy pain
I see upon thy mystic face.
Teach me some day how I may trace
My footsteps back to thee again.

## ISOLA

You may fly across the sea,
  You may traverse hill and plain,
But, sweet, where'er you be
  I shall know you again.
And now and ever after
  Through the course of flying years,
I shall know you by your laughter,
  I shall trace you by your tears.

Is life but one long treason,
  Do love and death betray,
Has youth a gambler's reason,
  Are hearts all dealt away?
You'll tell me when I meet you,
  When time has drugged the pain,
When I stretch glad hands to greet you,
  When I know you again.

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